Utica Morning Herald

AND DAILY GAZETTE.

BY VIS-A-VIS.

That oldest lady!—can it be?
Well, well, how seasons slip away!
Do let me hand her cup of tea,
That I may gently to her say:
"Dear madam, thirty years ago,
When both our hearts were full of glee,
In many a dance and courtly show
I had you for my vis-a-vis.

"That pale blue robe, those chestnut curls,
That eastern jewel on your wrist,
That neck-encircling string of pearls
Whence hung a cross of amethyst,—
I see them all—I see the tulle
Looped up with roses at the knee—
Good Lord! how fresh and beautiful
Was then your cheek, my vis-a-vis!

"I hear the whispered praises yet,
The buzz of pleasure when you came,
The rushing eagerness to get
Like moths within the fatal flame;
As April blossoms, faint and sweet,
As apples when you shake the tree,
So hearts fell showering at your feet,
In those glad days, my vis-a-vis.

"And as for me, my breast was filled
With every light in ever cell;
My blood was some rich juice distilled
From amaranth and asphodel;
My thoughts were airier than the lark
That carols o'er the flowery lea:
They well might breathlessly remark,
'By Jove! that is a vis-a-vis!'

"O time and change, what is't you mean?
Ye gods! can I believe my ears!
Has that bald, portly person been
Your husband, ma'am, for twenty years?
That six-foot officer your son,
Who looks o'er his moustache at me?
Why did not Joshua stop our sun
When I was your vis-a-vis?

"Forgive me if I have been too bold,
Permit me to return your cup;
My heart was beating as of old,
One drop of youth still bubbled up."
So spoke I, then like cold December
Only these brief words said she,
"I do not in the least remember
I ever was your vis-a-vis!"

BRADBURY'S VISITOR.

A LEGEND OF ST. VALENTINE'S EVE.

"Married indeed! Married!" And, just to impress on his own mind the enormity of the thing, he said it again, "married! Well I am sure! what next!"

The speaker was Mr. Benjamin Bradbury the eminent building contractor; and the above observation was made by Mr. Bradbury when comfortably seated before his writing-desk in his private sanctum, at about twelve o'clock in the evening of the thirteenth of February, in the year —I'm not quite sure about the year, but you'll be kind enough to notice particularly that it was the thirteenth of February. Mr. Bradbury had been looking over his private accounts and calculating how many thousands the last twelve months had added to his fortune. The result was fully satisfactory; but he was evidently not entirely at his ease. The fact is, Mr. Bradbury had that morning received a proposal for the hand of his only daughter, the child of his first wife, and, to make matters worse, from a rascal without a penny. [Not that Frank Wilson was a rascal, or penniless in reality; on the contrary, he was an honorable young fellow, with a small but increasing income; but Mr. Bradbury had large ideas, and that was his way of putting it.]

He could hardly believe his own ears when the young man made his audacious proposal. Young Wilson, a fellow with a paltry four hundred a year, had sat in that very room and proposed himself as a husband for Mr. Bradbury's only child, who would, after his death come into a fortune of more than a hundred thousand pounds, and had, moreover, assured him that the young lady herself was just as anxious for the union—indeed that they had long loved each other very dearly. Mr. Bradbury being a millionaire, with a constant eye to the main chance, disapproved of love matches on principle, and of course had said, "Certainly not," in the sternest possible manner, and dismissed the unhappy suitor in much discomfiture. Nevertheless, he could not get the audacious proposition out of his head. So now having closed his ledger, and not feeling disposed to go to bed, Mr. Bradbury determined that he would put his desk to rights. This was a work he had always been intending to do "to-morrow evening" for the last twenty years, but somehow he had never done so, and it was in a state of rare confusion. Letters and memoranda old and new, interspersed with odds and ends of all kinds, without order or arrangement. By way of making a beginning Bradbury pulled out of the corner a bundle of old letters, and untied a faded green ribbon with which they were bound; and as he did so, with one subject still uppermost in his mind, he made the exclamation above mentioned. It was not addressed to any one, seeing that there was nobody there; and therefore Mr. Bradbury naturally felt surprised when a silvery voice replied:—

"Married, Mr. Bradbury?—certainly; and why not?"

At the same moment there was a flutter among the old letters in Bradbury's hand; and, from an envelope larger than the rest, emerged a lady of the most dazzling appearance. She was decidedly diminutive, being of only about six inches in stature, but of admirable symmetry. She wore a garment of gossamer texture, the skirts of which, distended in the most approved ballet fashion, were looped up with ruby hearts, connected with true lovers' knots in white satin ribbon, and her head was of the same material. This angelic being tripped lightly from the open envelope to Mr. Bradbury's table; and there, after a coquettish dance around it, seated herself on the closed lid of a big inkstand, and arranging the folds of her drapery with feminine exactness

"Why shouldn't they be married, my dear sir."

Bradbury's first feeling, after he had once recovered the shock of his visitors unexpected appearance, was a dread lest Mrs. B. (who was a person of rigid propriety, and a fine flow of language) should come in unawares, and find him in company of a young lady with such exceedingly short petticoats. But on reflection, remembering that his wife had been in bed at least an hour and a-half, and was probably sound asleep, he took courage.

"Why not, ma'am?" said Mr. Bradbury, passing his fingers through his stubby hair—"why not? Because—because—it's ridiculous!"

"But why is it ridiculous, Mr. Bradbury—that's the point."

"Of course it's ridiculous. Kate's too young for one thing. Why, it's only the other day since the child came home from school: and she won't be twenty-one for four months yet."

"Youth is a fault which mends itself. She'll soon get over that. What's the next reason, sir, if you please?"

"The next reason is that young Wilson has no money, or next to none: and a very good reason it is."

"So it is decidedly. How much has he got?"

"About four hundred a year from his business, and a hundred of private property, according to what he told me this morning."

"Very good Mr Bradbury what is the next reason?"

"Next indeed! I think that's quite enough, without anything else."

"You have no personal objection to him, then. He is not disguised, or anything of that kind?"

"On the contrary, I believe he is a steady, hard-working young fellow. No: I have nothing against him in that way."

"Very good," said the visitor. "Now, Benjamin Bradbury, listen to me. I've known you ever since you were a boy."

"You've known me!—what!" exclaimed Mr. Bradbury in amazement.

"Ever since you were a boy: yes, and a good many people older than you."

"You've known me ever since I was a boy! Why, you're not more than ——"

Here Mr Bradbury stopped short, not feeling sure whether sixteen or six would be nearest the mark.

"Don't interrupt, sir; we'll say ever since you were a young man, if that suits you better: and to prove it, I'll show you your portrait, as you were then."

As she spoke she touched with her wand an old case which was lying on the table, and which enclosed a miniature.

"Open it."

Bradbury took the case with a slight inward chuckle knowing, as he thought, that the portrait was that of a deceased uncle of his wife However, on opening it, he found, to his astonishment, that Mrs. B——'s uncle had disappeared, and had given place to a lifelike representation of himself, forty-five years younger. Few would have recognized the wrinkled, grizzled Bradbury of to-day, in the curly-haired young fellow, full of mirth and merriment, which the portrait represented; but Bradbury did.

"Bless my soul!" said he, "so it is". "Upon my word, I wasn't a bad-looking fellow in those days."

And Bradbury pulled up his shirt-collar, and put his fingers through his hair, with a sort of paternal pride in his younger self.

"Yes, Benjamin Bradbury, you were a better-looking man in those days, as you say—and a better-hearted man, in the bargain, I fancy. If you had but one loaf in those days, you would give away half to any one that needed it more."

"So I would," said Bradbury. "What a donkey I must have been! But I know better now."

"No, you don't, Benjamin Bradbury: you don't know better now; you have got hard and selfish, and you keep all you can get, and let the needy go without: but you don't know better, the people like you better now than they did then, think you"

"I dare say they don't: but I don't much mind that."

"You were poor, now you are rich: but are you any happier now than then? Look at the portrait again."

Bradbury looked at the image of his former self; and as he gazed long forgotten memories thronged into his mind: memories of generous impulses eagerly acted upon; of deeds of boyish disinterestedness done by the curly-haired lad before him—deeds that the man was far too prudent to do. And with a queer choking sensation in his throat, Bradbury answered:

"No: on the whole, I think—I suppose I was happier then."

"Happier!—to be sure you were," said the sprite. "No man can violate the laws of his being, and encase himself in the hard panoply of self, without paying a heavy penalty. The sympathetic thrill awakened in the breast by the knowledge of another's happiness, created by our means is a higher pleasure than any rent-roll purchases for you now: and that pleasure you have not known for years, Benjamin Bradbury."

"Come, come!" said Bradbury, "you don't mean to persuade me that money isn't worth having?"

"I did not say it was not," said the sprite. "Money is good as a means, but not as an end. It is good because it will purchase many pleasures; and, best of all, the precious pleasure of conferring happiness on others. But you, and men like you, gravel in the earth so long, that at length you labor only to gather a heap of mould, and forget all about the flowers."

"Well," said Bradbury, reflectively, "I don't know. I rather think there is something in what you say, though."

"Well, then, to come to the point; here is an an opportunity of treating yourself to a great pleasure, by conferring much happiness on two people who deserve it. You must consent to this marriage."

"That I'll be—I mean to say, I've fully made up my mind that I won't don anything of the sort."

"You will consent, I assure you. You have told me your objections; and by means of those very objections I intend to convince you. Benjamin Bradbury, how old were you when you married? and what was your wife's fortune?"

Bradbury thought of the second Mrs. B., upstairs, and fancied he saw a loophole.

"I was fifty-three, I believe; and she brought me thirty five thousand pounds."

"Bradbury," and the bright eyes of the sylphide were fixed on him with a threatening glance "Bradbury, you're prevaricating! When you married your first wife, Kate's mother, you were three-and-twenty; a light-hearted lad like that portrait; and she was a good little girl, with a bright, loving face for her only dowry. And you, sir, what was your income then?"

"Twenty-eight shillings a week," said Bradbury penitently."

"Not princely, Mr. Bradbury; but you made it enough didn't you?"

"Ay, that we did," said Bradbury, "and were as happy as the day is long."

"You're condemning yourself, you see," said the sprite. "This young couple are older than you and your wife were then, and have a great more to keep house upon: and you know yourself they love each other dearly."

"Love a fiddlestick!" said Bradbury; "all boy and girl nonsense."

"You're quite above that sort of thing yourself, sir, I suppose?"

"I should rather think I was," said Bradbury.

"Very good," said the lady, "very good. Now, do you think you would know your own handwriting?"

And she looked searchingly at Mr. Bradbury, with her head on one side and a mischievous twinkle in her eyes, like an old Bailey barrister who is getting a witness into a fix, and intends to be down upon him tremendously in a minute.

"Perhaps you will be kind enough to take any one of that bundle of letters, and tell me what you think of it."

Bradbury did as he was ordered. The first paper he laid his hand upon had been enclosed in the envelope from which the sprite had emerged. It was yellow with age, and sadly frayed at the edges. He opened it, and recognised it as a valentine sent, in years long past, to his dead first wife, in the happy days of their courtship. A strange sensation fluttered at Bradbury's heart; and a mist seemed to come before his eyes, as he read the long-forgotten lines. They were his own, and exhibited faults in plenty, both in metre and phraseology, but they breathed a warmth and life to which his heart had long been a stranger. And Bradbury thought of one to whom those lines, rough and irregular as they were, had been the perfection of poetry; who had read them over and over again with unfailing pleasure, till, like the frayed edges of the paper they were written upon, the gentle life had worn away, and he had been left alone. Alone! deprived of her whose sweet presence had cherished all loving thoughts and tender sympathies; who by her gentle influence had prevented the cares of business and the toilsome struggle for success from effacing all noble aspirations and generous sympathies from his once warm heart. And Bradbury remembered now, when she had gone, the good influence had slowly faded away, and had left him worldly and avaricious, with the last, best relic of his former self, his love for her child, degenerating into a vain ambition to see her well dowered with the gold which he had made his god. And then came a bitter thought of his second marriage; a marriage made for money only, and of which end indifference was the most pleasant phase. And with a sharp pain at his heart, Bradbury covered his face with his hands.

"You do not scoff at love now," said the sprite. "The tears which steal through your fingers show that there is yet some life in your frozen heart. Weep on, Benjamin Bradbury. Every one of those tears is worth a thousand of your golden coins. Learn this—you knew it once, learn it again, and cherish the truth in your heart for ever:—that every man who walks this earth is by the bond of common humanity, linked to every other. Our Master, when he created man, ordained that none should live for himself alone. Each one is linked, by cords invisible, to friends, to kinsfolk, to humanity at large: and along these electric wires our sweetest pleasures come. If man, in his blindness, snap the cords, those dearest pleasures shall come to him no more. The various relations and dependencies of humanity are to each one as the boughs of the parent tree. They derive their strength and sap from him, but they render as much as they receive. While his branches wave around him, each leaf shall catch a breath of the cool breeze, a ray of the golden sunshine, or a drop of the freshening rain: and every genial influence that creeps or shall send a thrill of pleasure to his heart. But let him once in his selfishness lop off the branches which derived their life from him, and he shall be like the trunk blasted by the lightning. The sun may shine, and the rain may fall, and the fresh breeze may sweep over him, but he is sensitive to their sweet influences no longer; he shall remain cold and dead at heart for ever. Benjamin Bradbury, for the last half of your life, such have you been. You have tried to shake off all loving human sympathies: and you have well-nigh succeeded. And what has your life been? Have you once known, in all your later life, a thrill of pleasure equal to that produced in the old days by the gift of a penny in real loving charity? Have you ever had the happiness of receiving a poor man's blessing? Have you ever had the pleasure of seeing, in your own home circle, or among those you call your friends, faces gladden or eyes grow brighter at your presence? You know that you have not. You know that in your heart of hearts, you would be glad this moment to exchange half your wealth for one week of the old light-hearted feeling, the pleasant inward warmth which you had in those boyish days. Is it not so?"

"It is! indeed it is."

"If such is really your feeling, the realization of your wish is in your own power. You cannot be young again in body, but you can be young at heart, and regain much, very much of the feeling of those old happy days. But the act must be your own, and you may make a beginning now. You were generous then; you must be generous now. Would you condemn your child to a loveless life, and sell her for gold to an existence such as your own second union has been?"

"Heaven forbid!"

"I am sure you would not. Now think, does this young man's proposal in a generous spirit. You know full well that though it is not what the slang of the world calls a 'brilliant match,' it has every chance of being a happy one. But we will try it by a severer test. If your child's mother were living, what would her counsel be think you?"

"I think—I believe she would be in favor of it."

"And you know whether she would have approved lightly. Frank Wilson is faithful, loving, honest. What would you have more? His fortune is small, but it only rests with you to make it larger."

"Egad! and so I will," said Bradbury, brightening up. "I'll give the young couple two hundred a year, and he shall have it—that is, if they like."

"That's right, and like a good fellow, Bradbury. I was sure you'd consent. And now how do you feel?"

"Fifty per cent. jollier already," said Bradbury. "I feel like a young man again, and quite delighted at the idea of making my dear little Kitty happy. My dear lady, you have no idea how this matter has weighed on my mind all day. I am really excessively obliged to you for settling it so nicely."

"To be sure you are," said the visitor. "And now don't you want to know to whom you are indebted, you ungrateful man?"

"Pon my honor, I quite forgot that we weren't old friends," said Bradbury. "But I should like to know unconsciously."

"This is my password," said the lady, giving a smart postman a rap on the table with her wand. "Now perhaps you can guess."

"Never was good at guessing," said Bradbury. "Give it up."

"Why, I am St Valentine, you old stupid," said the lady. "Mind you don't forget what I've told you." And she vanished without even wishing him "good-night."

So Frank and Kate were married, and lived happily ever afterwards, as might naturally have been expected. Old Bradbury has immensely improved, but he hasn't finished setting his desk to rights yet. Every St. Valentine's eve he shuts himself up in his room, and reads over that packet of old letters, but he has never had another visit from St. Valentine. Probably her time is pretty fully occupied, for I fancy there are a good many flinty hearted fathers about.

DRESSING FOR CHURCH.

Has anybody heard the bell?
You have? dear me, I know full well
I'll never dress in time—
For mercy's sake, come help me, Lucy,
I'll make my toilet very spruce,
This silk is quite sublime!

Here, lace this gaiter for me—do
"A hole!" you say" plague take the shoe,
Please, Lucie, try and hide it—
Just think, it's Sunday, and, my soul,
I cannot wear it with a hole!
The men will surely spy it.

They're always peeping at our feet,
(Tho', to be sure, they needn't peep,
The way we hold our dresses!)
I'll disappoint them, though to-day,
"And cross myself," pray, did you say?
Don't laugh at my distresses!

Now Lucie, pray feel my waterfall,
Do you think it large? Ain't it too small?
What bother those things give
My Kate and Mice, do they set straight?
Please, hurry, Lucie, I know I'm late—
"There's Willie!" as I live.

How splendidly the silk will rustle!
(Please hand me "self-adjusting bustle,"
My corset and my hoop.)
There now, I'll take five skirts or six—
Do hurry, Lucie, and help me fix,
You know I cannot stoop!

"How shall I say my prayers to-day?"
As if the girls went to church to pray!
How can you be so foolish—
Here, dump this ribbon in cologne;
"What for?" to paint, you silly one!
Now, Lucie, don't be mulish.

Now, then, my hat—how he abhors
This thing—his big as all out doors
The frightful sugar scoop!
Thank Heaven, my cloak is handsome, too;
It rest enough to be, I know
(Straighten this horrid hoop).

My handkerchief and gloves you'll find
Just in that drawer. Lucie, are you blind?
(Does my dress trail)?
It's all the fashion, now, you know,
(Pray, does the paint and powder show
Through my loose veil)?

Thank you, my dear, I b'lieve I'm dressed:
The saints be praised! the day of rest
Comes only once in seven,
For if, on all the other six,
This trouble I should have to fix,
I'd never get to Heaven!

WIT AND HUMOR.

—To some men it is indispensable to be worth money, for without it they would be worth nothing.

—Always be as witty as you can with your parting bow: your last speech is the one remembered.

—Why is a lady of fashion like a successful sportsman? Because she *buys* the hare.

—Somebody says that "Esq." at the end of a man's name, in many instances, is like the "quirk" in a pig's tail—more for ornament than use.

—Toby, what did the Israelites do when they crossed the Red Sea? "Don't know, ma'am: but I guess they dried themselves."

—Next to needles from the mule,
Either from book or sage to tell
What came the magic word of "news;"
South, West, East, North, explains the spell.

People who are resolved always to please, at all events, frequently overshoot the mark. A lady of this sort, going to a friend's house, one morning ran to the cradle, as soon as she came in, to see the dear "boy." Unfortunately the cat was occupying the babe's place—but before she could discover her mistake, she exclaimed, with uplifted eyes and hands: "Oh, what a sweet child! —the very picture of its father."

—A shallow-pated aspirant to literary distinction presented the learned and facetious Dr. Porson a copy of his productions, with the remark that "it would be read when Shakspeare is forgotten." "Yes," replied the doctor, "and not till then."

—A smart young lawyer's clerk, hearing it stated by a lecturer that "man is merely a machine," remarked, "then I suppose an attorney may be said to be a suing machine."

—An Ohio exchange publishes the following laconic and spirited eulogium upon Forrest, the actor:

Ah-ah-ah-ah!
Oh-oh-oh-oh!
Oh-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o! (Repeat)

—Elder Knapp, speaking of long prayers, once said: "When Peter was endeavoring to walk upon the water to meet his Master, and was about sinking, had his supplication been as long as the introduction to our modern prayers, before he got through he would have been fifty feet under water."

—"I don't miss my church so much as you suppose," said a lady to her minister, who had called upon her during her illness, "for I make Betsey sit at the window as soon as the bell begins to chime, and tell me who are going to church, and whether they have got anything new."

GEN. GRANT AS A CADET.—In his cadet studies, Grant had something to contend with, in the fact of his own lack of early preparation, and the superior preparation of most of his competitors, who had been over a part of the course before they entered. Among these were William B. Franklin, who stood at the head of the class; Roswell S. Ripley, now famous for his "History of the Mexican War," (written in the interest of General Pillow, and to injure General Scott), but quite infamous for firing with great rapidity upon the burning Sumter, which the devoted garrison were trying to extinguish; Rufus Ingalls, the excellent quartermaster-general of the Army of the Potomac; Joseph J. Reynolds, late commander in Arkansas; Christopher C. Augur, long in command at Washington; the rebel General Franklin Gardner, who surrendered Port Hudson to Banks when Grant had taken Vicksburg; and others, to whom we design no discredit by not mentioning them. Thirty-nine of the one hundred and more who had been appointed in 1838, graduated in 1843. Grant was the independent middle-man, twenty-first on the list. The honor of being his comrade for two years at the Academy enables me to speak more intelligently, perhaps, than those of the "new school," who have invented the most absurd stories to illustrate his cadet-life. I remember him as a plain, common-sense, straight-forward youth; quite, rather of the old head on young shoulders order; shunning notoriety; quite contented while others were grumbling; taking to his military duties in a very business-like manner; not a prominent man in the corps, but respected by all, and very popular with his friends. His soubriquet of "Uncle Sam" was given to him there, where every good fellow has a nickname, from these very qualities; indeed, he was a very uncle-like sort of a youth. He was then and always an excellent horseman, and his picture rises before me as I write, in the old corn coat, obsolescent leather gig-top, loose riding pantaloons, with spurs buckled over them, going with his clanking sabre to the drill-hall. He exhibited but little enthusiasm in anything; his best standing was in the mathematical branches, and their application to tactic and military engineering.—*Prof. Coppee.*

PATRICK HENRY.—Books are great helps, but there have been great men who were never helped by them. Patrick Henry was no scholar, and read scarcely anything. On a visit to Jefferson one fall he told him that he had been thinking he would read the coming winter, and asked him to lend him a book. Jefferson lent him a volume of Hume's Essays. The next spring he carried it back unread, saying he had tried to read it two or three times, but could never get through more than a page or so before falling asleep.

Good words.

We expect everything, and are prepared for nothing.

—By acting as we ought to think, we end by thinking as we ought to act.

—He who has ceased to enjoy the superiority of his friend, has ceased to love him.

—Loving hearts are like beggars: they live on what is given them.

—The most dangerous of flatteries is the inferiority of what is around us.

—Our faults afflict us more than our good actions console us. It is always pain that carries the day in sensations as in the heart.

—It is very well to blush when you are detected in a mean act: but you had a great deal better blush when you think of committing it.

—Shall ye smell sweet contrition of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it, like grass and beauty which beget inclination to love at first sight: thus ye who open the door and let the stranger in.—*Sterne.*

He that never changes any of his opinions never corrects any of his mistakes.

—It were far better that we did not exist than that we should guiltily disappoint the purpose of existence.

—Surely, the most painful recollection on earth is that of having had it in our power to do good, and the neglect to do it.

—The following quaint words of old Robert Southwell, are worthy of being committed to memory.

"Shun delays, they breed remorse:
Take thy time while time is lent thee.
Creeping snails have wisest horns,
Ply thy faults, lest thou repent thee.
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Lingering labors come to naught.
Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
Wind and tide stay no man's pleasure.
Seek not time when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdom's leasure.
After-wits are dearly bought:
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought."

—Nothing so disarms opposition as a resolute refusal to be angered by it. The right has always suffered more from unlawful defense, than from the attacks of enemies. There is no power like that of love; and few men assail a non-combatant.

A CLERGYMAN AND A BOOT-BLACK.—On Saturday morning a well-known clergyman of Philadelphia stepping upon a piece of thin ice, broke through it and engulphed one foot in mud. The incident occurred in crossing at Sixth and Chestnut streets. A private in the noble army of boot-blacks, witnessing the occurrence, run up with the usual salutation, "Black 'em sir?" The preacher looked from the polished mate to the defiled boot, and directed the urchin to begin operations. The boy began upon the clean boot to which by a due proportion of spittle, blacking and friction, he imparted a brilliancy that would have done no discredit to Russia sheet iron. Having done this he looked the divine in the eye with palm extended.

"Now for the ten cents, Mister."

"When you're done," said the clergyman.

"Done what?"

"When you've cleaned the other boot," was the reply.

"No you don't," was the quick rejoinder, a little spiced with impudence, "another sportin' man shut my eye up this mornin' Yer can't catch me twice the same day. I know you sportin' men. Pay me now, an' I'll clean the other boot. If yer don't, yer can travel the way ye are."

The divine looked around him, astonished for the moment at being mistaken for a "sporting man," and then dropped a portrait of Secretary McCulloch into the hand of the little urchin, requested him to hasten the completion of the task. Three minutes afterward the good man was walking down Sixth-street, with eyes straight, evidently pondering upon the indisputable fact it takes all kinds of people to make up the sum total of a world.

WHAT AS IRON HAS DONE.—A bar of iron worth $10, worked into horse shoes, is worth $10. 50; made into needles, it is worth $355; made into knife blades it is worth $3,285; made into balance springs, is worth $250,000. What a drilling the poor bar of iron must undergo to reach all this; but hammered and beaten, and pounded and rolled, and rubbed and polished, how was its value increased! It might well have complained under the hard knocks it got; but were they not all necessary to draw out its fine qualities and fit it for higher offices? And so all the drilling and training to which you are subject, all the trials and hardships, thumps and pains which often seem so hard to you, serve to bring out your finer qualities, and to fit you for more responsible posts and greater usefulness in the world.

TO STOP COUGHING.—Slight irritation of the throat may be relieved by sipping a little slippery elm tea, or by sucking a piece of gum arabic. *These articles coat over the mucous membrane and prevent the irritation of the air.* A few drops of paregoric held in the mouth, and allowed to trickle down the throat, will allay coughing. The best cough medicine for children, one we have used for several years with entire satisfaction, is the following: "Mix in a phial equal parts of paregoric, castor oil and syrup of ipecac. Always shake well just before using. A few drops of this swallowed, but not washed down by water or other fluid, will almost always soothe a cough. Repeat the dose as often as the cough returns. From one-fourth to one-half a teaspoonful may be given when a lesser quantity does not suffice. A large dose after a full meal may produce a little nausea. Children who are subject to coughs should eat very little supper, and, indeed, all children should eat much less and simpler food at night than at morning or noon. The above mixture may be kept on hand ready prepared, as it does not deteriorate if kept corked.

It may interest those afraid of mineral medicines (though they partake freely of common salt, which is a mineral), to know that the ingredients are all "vegetable,"—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

A DISCOURSE ON POVERTY.—Praises of poverty are never written or spoken by poverty-stricken men, but always by men in tolerably comfortable circumstances. Men praise poverty, as the Africans worship a Bomba Jumbo—from terror of the malign power, and a desire to propitiate it. To bring the best human qualities to anything like perfection, to fill them with the sweet juices of courtesy and prosperity, or at all events a moderate amount of it, is required—just as sunshine is needed for the ripening of peaches and apricots. There are some natures that will take hurt from any condition of life; and the man that prosperity ripens into a sweet-thrift is precisely the man that poverty would have soured like a churl. Resignation is not will of Heaven, say under the conditions of fell disease, is of all human virtues the most graceful; and although he has many more pleasant things to leave, it is a virtue much more easily practised by the rich man than by the poor one. For rich consumptive patient has gone to Madeira: for the alleviation of his disease, he has procured the best medical skill, and transported himself to the balmiest of climates, but, in spite of all, he is told that his hour is rapidly approaching: and so, with the scent of roses at his open window, and the long drowsy roll of the tropic sea in his ear, without a murmur he resigns himself to the decree, and awaits the end. Take the poor city clerk. He is told his lungs are deeply affected and that his sole chance of life is a voyage to Madeira, and a residence there; but on account of, a scant purse, that voyage and that residence are sheer impossibilities; and so in a dim chamber, and with a muslin screen always across the window to save him from the insolent pertinacious curiosity of the houses over the way, his ear pierced with the cry of the passing costermonger, he lies unmurmuring, resigned to live or die as the Lord will. Both are equally resigned; but which of the resignations is the more pleasant sight in the eyes of angels? Not that of the rich sufferer with the scent of oranges at his open window we may be sure. He is resigned after exhausting every chance of life: the other is resigned with one chance not yet exhausted, with one die not yet thrown, a chance which poverty prevents him from taking advantage of, a die which poverty prevents him from throwing. I know that rich men die perfectly resigned at Madeira and elsewhere; I know that poor city clerks die resignedly at home, with no finer element to respire than smoky London air. I know it is hard for the rich man to die; but how much harder for the clerk! especially how much harder for him to die without a murmur—without a sigh for the unattainable! Let us all pray to be preserved from poverty.—*Alexander Smith.*

PREACHING.—Not satisfied with concert and opera, circus, and play-house, and dance, there is a growing disposition to push the demand for entertainment up into the realm of serious things; to require that lectures shall be entertaining rather than instructing, a paraphrase of Punch and Judy, adapted to people of literary pretensions, rather than an earnest, serious discussion of important themes; to make the church service a religious entertainment, composed of opera music and sensational preaching. Hundreds of people prefer an anecdote to an argument, a fine voice to a fine thought, a flourish of the hand to any exercise of imagination or of faith on the preacher's part.—The most popular preacher in America owes most of his success to the fact that, an actor by nature, by accident of birth and training he was dropped into the pulpit instead of being put upon the boards; and he has transformed his pulpit into a stage, where he outdoes both Forrest and Booth by the inimitable charm and power of his acting. His preaching undoubtedly does in no sense good; but his acting increased the volume and intensity of the popular desire for entertainment, which threatens to sweep away everything precious and sacred.—*Christian Inquirer.*

The Great Worship.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The harp at nature's advent strung,
Has never ceased to play:
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far;
The ocean looketh up to heaven,
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand
As reverently as when
The human knee, their white locks bowing to the sand,
The priesthood of the sea!

They pour their glittering treasures forth,
Their gifts of pearl they bring,
And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The mist above the mountain rills
Rises white as wings of prayer;
The altar-curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,
Or low with sobs of pain;
The thunder-organ of the cloud,
The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches crossed,
The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost
From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept earth and air;
The music of its starry march,
The chorus of its prayer.

So nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

DRESS TO THE DETRIMENT OF AMERICAN WOMEN.—American women of the comfortable classes are in danger of a loss of physical beauty from the entire deterioration of the muscular system for want of exercise. Take the life of any American girl in one of our large towns, and see what it is. We have an educational system of public schools which for intellectual culture is a just matter of pride to any country. From the time that the girl is seven years old, her first thought, when she rises in the morning, is to eat her breakfast and be off to her school. There really is no more time than enough to allow her to make that complete toilet which every well-bred female ought to make, and to take her morning meal before her school begins. She returns at noon with just time to eat her dinner, and the afternoon session begins. She comes home at night with books, slate, and lessons enough to occupy her evening. What time is there for teaching her any household work, for teaching her to cut or fit or sew, or to inspire her with any taste for domestic duties? Her arms have no exercise: her chest and lungs, and all the complex system of muscles which are to be perfected by quick and active movement, are compressed while she bends over book and slate and drawing-board; while they are active brain is kept all the while going at top of its speed. She grows up pale, thin, and delicate; and while the Irish girl, who sweeps the parlors, rubs the silver, and irons the muslins, is developing a finely rounded arm and bust, the American girl has a pair of boxes at her sides, and a bust composed of cotton padding, the work of a skilful dressmaker. Nature, who is no respecter of persons, gives to Aileen Bawn, who uses her arms and chest, a beauty which perishes in the gentle, languid Edith, who does nothing but study and read.—*Mrs Rowe.*

THE CAT-BIRD.—The Catbird is found, in certain seasons, all over North America, from Florida to Canada, and from the Atlantic coast to the Territories of Utah and Washington. He makes his first appearance in spring about the time the pear-trees are in blossom, which, near Boston, varies from the 5th to the 15th of May. He leaves us in the early autumn, towards the latter part of September. From the first coming almost to his departure, he makes the air about us vocal with his quaint and charming melodies. These are made all the more attractive to us by being so amusingly interspersed with notes mimicked from the songs of other birds. Whether natural or copied, the song of the Cat-bird is always very varied, attractive, and beautiful. The Cat-bird is never long in ascertaining where he is a welcome visitor, and there at once makes himself perfectly at home. You may see him at all times, for he is ever in motion. As soon as he satisfies himself that you are his friend, he will approach you with a familiarity that is quite irresistible. He seems to wish to attract your attention by his great variety of positions, attitudes, and musical efforts. No musical young lady was ever more ambitious of entertaining an audience, however small and select, than our slate-colored songster. He will come down, in the excitement of his musical ardor, to the lowest bough, within a few feet of your head, and devote himself to your entertainment so long as you honor him with your attention. The power of mimicry of the Cat-bird, though limited, is often very striking and entertaining. He is very far from being the equal of the Mocking-bird. The more difficult notes he cannot successfully copy, and ludicrously fails when he tries. But the whistle of the common quail, the chucking of a hen calling her brood, the cries of young chickens for their mother's aid, the notes of the Pewee and the robin of the Towhee, he will repeat with perfect exactness, so as even to deceive the birds themselves. We were once crossing a swampy thicket, when the sound of "Bob-white" so like the cry of quail caused a useless search for that bird, which ended in our copying its author in a Catbird's lonely lay, and apparently hugely enjoying the cheat. At another time we have known the Cat-bird call off a brood of young chickens greatly to the annoyance of the old hen. To its own family the Cat bird is devoted and constant in its care and attentions. To each other they are affectionate, kind, and sympathizing in their troubles: and the male bird, with a brood of its own, has been known to bring up another brood, not its own, that had been taken from their mother's nest and placed near that of its kind friend.—*Our Young Folks.*

MYSTERIOUS PHOTOGRAPHS.—It has been thought an old wives' fable that a murdered man's eye will sometimes retain the image of the last object he looked upon while living: and if that object was the face of his murderer, as it often will be that the culprit should thus be photographed. Yet stranger things are true. The text of the consecration prayer, contained in an open book lying close by, was found impressed on the cloth of the altar of the Church of St. Sauveur, after that edifice had been struck by lightning, in 1859. There is in all these cases no difficulty in conceiving that the image was for the instant visibly impressed upon the object thus marked. The only difficulty is to know why it remained in these, while in most it fades or leaves no permanent impression. There needs ordinary photographic pictures a prepared surface to receive and hold the impression until it can be fixed. Subsequent action of the rays of light is sufficient to destroy the images thus created. Hence, photography is connected partly in the dark. But, in the above cases, where it may have been dark, either from night or clouds, when the flash passed away there may have been no sufficient rays of light left to disturb the impression until it became fixed—perhaps by some gradual change in the object thus embellished. The cloth of the altar may have been damp, and even contained some metallic salts, and, after the storm cleared off in the night, the cloth may have become dry, and this would have tended to fix the impression.

NECESSITY TO WOMAN OF SOMETHING TO DO.—No true hearted woman can find herself, in real actual life, unskilled and unfit to minister to the wants and sorrows of those dearest to her without a secret sense of degradation. The feeling of uselessness is an extremely unpleasant one. Tom Hood, in a very humorous paper, describes a most accomplished schoolmistress, a teacher of all the arts and crafts which are supposed to make up fine gentlewomen, who is crushed in a rude German inn, with her father writhing in the anguish of a severe attack of gastric inflammation. The helpless lady gazes on her suffering parent, longing to help him, and thinking over all her various little store of accomplishments, not one of which bears the remotest relation to the case. She could knit him a head purse, or make him a guard chain, or work him a foot-stool, or fresco him with cut linen-paper, or sketch his likeness, or cover him over with worm cravats, or stick him over with little rosettes of red and white waters: but none of these being applicable to his present case, she sits gazing in resigned imbecility, till finally she desperately resolves to improvise him some gruel, and, after a laborious turn in the kitchen—after burning her dress and blacking her fingers—succeeds only in bringing him a bowl of paste! Not unlike this might be the feeling of many an elegant and accomplished woman, whose education has taught and practiced her in everything that woman ought to know, except those ideas of ones wife, fit for the care of a home, for the comfort of a sick room: and so I say again, that whatever a woman may be in the way of beauty and elegance, she must have the strength and skill of a practical worker, or she is nothing. She is not simply to be the beautiful—she is to make the beautiful, and preserve it, and she who makes and she who keeps the beautiful must be able to work, and know how to work. Whatever offices of life are performed by women of culture and refinement are thence forth elevated: they cease to be mere servile toils, and become expressions of the ideas of superior beings. If a true lady makes even a plate of toast in arranging a petit souper for the invalid friend, she does it as a lady should. She does not put blundering and uneven slices: she does not burn the edges: she does not deluge it with bad butter, and serve it cold: but she arranges and serves all with an artistic care, with a nicety and delicacy, which make it worth one's while to have a lady friend in sickness.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Philadelphia has thirty-three Catholic churches.

—There are eighteen hundred Jews in Boston, and four synagogues.

—Dr. Pfander, the celebrated Englishmissionary, recently died at Constantinople.

—At Jerusalem, eight converts from Judaism have recently been baptized.

—Rev. A. R. Brown, American missionary in Japan, has translated the Gospel of Matthew into Japanese.

—The Right Rev. Bishop Quintard, of Tennessee, is now visiting in New York.

—Rev. Dr. E. B. Hall, for thirty-three years pastor of the First Congregational (Unitarian) Church in Providence, R. I., died suddenly on Saturday evening, of heart disease. He was fifty-five years of age.

—The storm in Dr. Sunderland's Church, in Washington, growing out of the grant of the building to Fred. Douglass, three weeks ago, has about blown over. The malcontents were not strong enough to effect a division.

—Reports come from every section of the country, of extensive revivals now in progress. The movements are generally characterized by little excitement, but have many practical features that will tend to make the good permanent.

—The Diocesan Council of the Episcopal church, in South Carolina, met at Charleston, February 11, and among other items of business, resolved to renew their connection with the Protestant Episcopal